Millie Pozer

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Congo Cruelties.

The folowing letter, says the 'Juvenile Missionary Herald,' from the Rev. George Grenfell, of Bolobo Station, Upper Congo River, gives a sad account of Congo cruelties and superstitions. Mr. Grenfell sends a photograph of three persons condemned to death for witchcraft whom he has been able to save by giving them shelter at Bolobo Mission Station :—

'The woman who figures to the left of this picture is Ketumba, the mother of the boy, Lingenji, to whom Stanley refers in his 'Founding of the Congo State.' Stanley says : 'There is a little boy at Bolobo, aged six, who would make more profit out of a pound's worth of cloth than an English boy of fifteen would make out of ten pounds' worth.' However, his smartness never availed him very much, for he died comparatively poor and quite decrepit. He certainly was a smart fellow, and in the early days helped us greatly with the language. During his intercourse with us he got the main facts of the Gospel pretty clearly into his head, but they never got a grip of his heart. He was clever enough to see the Gospel would interfere with his way of living, for he was precocious in his wickedness as well as in trade—he had a couple of wives before he was more than half way through his teens. He was clever enough also to see that the belief of the people in witchcraft was fostered by the witchfinders as a source of profit—in fact, as a very easy way of getting a very good living—and that it had no other foundation whatever than the superstitious fears of his own country people.

THREE PERSONS CONDEMNED FOR WITCHCRAFT, AND WHO FOUND REFUGE AT BOLOBO MISSION STATION.

'This however, did not prevent him, when at the opening of the New Year his illness became more serious, from becoming possessed with the idea that his step-brother was bewitching him—a belief very fervently shared by his mother, Ketumba. So they sent for his step-brother and begged him to take the spell away, and this, seeing there was a chance of making a profit of their fears, he agreed to do if they would only pay the sum of fifty brass rods. Lingenji had not that much money, but his mother, by selling some of her belongings, managed to raise it and pay the demanded figure. 'It is all right now,' said the step-brother; 'the spell is gone, the sickness will soon be finished.' Lingenji's mind being relieved, he showed signs of recovery for a few days, but a relapse soon followed. Upon this he sent for his step-brother again and told him he felt he was dying, but that if he died it would be his fault. 'If I die,' threatened Lingenji, 'I won't rest quiet in the spirit-land till I have been back to fetch you.' The sickness, however, was beyond the control of any witchcraft, and before I came down river again Lingenji was dead, and his step-brother seriously ill. The sick man was full of fright that Lingenji was carrying out his threat, and gradually became worse and worse. It was impossible to get at Lingenji; but his mother being there they tied her up for acting on her son's behalf.

'Hearing the news I sent a message into the town reminding the people of the promise they made a few months ago to respect the law against the killing of "witches." My messenger brought word that they were not going to kill Ketumba, and that she was only tied up by way of frightening her into taking the spell away. But the step-son died that same day, and after dark they brought me word that Ketumba was now tied hand and foot, and that she would be killed before the morning, the executioner having already received his fee (thirty brass rods, the equivalent of half-a-crown) that he might rid them of the witch. Calling a few of our bigger boys to follow me, I started off at once, and in ten minutes or so we were in the midst of a crowd of mourners, who stopped their singing and dancing as soon as they found we had come to take the witch away, and clamored against our being allowed to do so. Some of the young men fetched their spears and knives and threatened us; others said, "Wait till morning—it is dark now; you can take her away to-morrow." But this attempt to put us off would not do; I remembered too vividly how I had been fooled in a similar case a few months ago, when, after waiting till morning, all that could be found of the witch was the stain of blood in the place where she had been killed.

'I insisted that Ketumba must go with me; and while I was arguing the matter outside the hut in which she lay, one of my boys was busy inside cutting the ropes with which her feet were tied. As soon as she was free to stand I caught hold of her hands, still bound, and pushed my way through the crowd, some of whom were still threatening us. Once clear of the crowd her hands were soon free of their bonds, and in a few minutes we were safely on our station again. Ketumba is very, very grateful for our help, and scarcely ventures beyond the shadow of our house, lest those who still continue to threaten her should once more get her into their power. Poor woman! she has had many troubles. It is barely two years since her husband died, and now the loss of her son and her own narrow escape. Strangely enough, the man who was paid to kill her received from her husband shortly before his death the payment for killing a slave, whom he accused of having bewitched one of his children.

'It is an awfully dark place this Congo land in which we are laboring! The sorrows of the poor people are very, very many, and are all the heavier because of the superstitions which possess their hearts, and because of the cruel fears they have of those around them. God grant that we who have the light may let it shine more brightly, so that those who sit in the darkness may see him who came for the healing of the nations!'—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

Three Kinds of Christians.

There are three conditions in which the water in that engine may be. The boiler may be full and the water clean and clear; or the boiler may not only be full but the water may be hot, very hot, hot enough to scald you if you put your hand in the boiler, almost boiling; or thirdly, it may be just one degree hotter and at the boiling point, giving forth its vapor in clouds of steam, pressing through the valves and driving the mighty piston which turns the wheels and propels the train of cars across the country.

In all cases there is water, plenty of water. It is good, clean water, but what a difference! So there are three kinds of Christians. The first we will call cold water Christians, or, perhaps better, clean water Christians. They are saved, truly saved; they are honest and earnest in the faith of Jesus, and they are living lives perhaps as clean as the water, lives of morality, honesty and reasonable consistency; but there is no warmth in their life, no fervor in their love, no force in their influence for God.

Secondly, there are hot water Christians. They are almost at the boiling point. They are very earnest, especially by spasms, but they just come short of one degree more. There is just enough of 'if' and 'but' and 'when' in their consecration to take the real edge off it, the real motive power out of them, and to prevent thorough effectiveness. They are consecrated to a certain degree, they are thoroughly in earnest up to a certain point, but there is always a limita-

tion, which neutralizes what is so real and so good.

One degree more, we come to the third class of Christians, the boiling water Christians. The difference is a very slight one; it simply takes one reservation out, drops one 'if,' eliminates a single touch, and yet is all the difference in the world. In fact, it is all the difference in two worlds. That one degree changes that engine into a motive power, not now a thing to be looked at, but a thing to go, and to make others go—a power that sweeps across the land, and bears its living freight in the rapid train. And so there is just one step more, brother, for you to take out of the natural into the supernatural, out of the better into the best, out the human into the Divine, out of the partial into the complete and uttermost salvation of God, and then you, too, shall be an instrument of power, an engine of holy, heavenly energy, telling for God and your fellow-men, and spreading his glorious Gospel wherever you go.

God brings us by that one blessed step to the boiling point!—'Christian Alliance.'

Prayer Answers.

There was a widow who was a Christian woman, and in every way respectable, but she was poor. She, with her two young daughters and an elderly relative, struggled along with their poverty, keeping their trials to themselves and trusting in the Lord, 'who shall supply all your needs.' There came a day when the coal cellar was empty, and there was no apparent way to fill up its depths. In the early morning the mother said to her household, 'Now, we must pray for coal; let us pray for it throughout all the day.' The others heard and agreed at once to the proposal. Accordingly, though work was not suspended, continued prayer went up from the dwelling that the Father in heaven would supply the need.

Friends did not know of the want, but the noon mail brought a letter from a distant relative, which missive contained a one-dollar note, a present to express love. 'This shall be laid aside for a beginning of the coal money,' said the mother.

A later mail brought other letters, and strange to say, two of these contained gifts of money, so that seven dollars in all were received, and a ton of coal was ordered. These friends were not in the habit of sending the widow and her children money, but the Lord chose through them to answer prayer.

Not long since we heard a Christian woman remark, 'I never have answers to prayer.' Ah, friend; we would say it is your right, your inestimable privilege to have answers to prayer. And you may have them, if you go to God with faith, which is also his gift, and may be asked for, and should be craved, for through faith we have access to the throne of him in whom all fullness dwells. A poor woman who lived in our great city was sent out of her rooms for non-payment of rent. In distress the poor creature went to a benevolent lady, who is connected with a good and worthy mission. The lady met her poor sister at the door, and the latter told her story, and with tears begged for six dollars to pay the landlord for the month's rent wanting.

The Good Samaritan said:—'I have not the money to give you, but come inside; I have a friend I will ask it from for you.' The suppliant followed on, and the two entered a private apartment, when the hostess said, 'Kneel down, and we will ask the Lord for the money.' Together they knelt, and the case was taken to the Lord, the Christian lady telling in her prayer the whole matter, and asking for the six dollars.

Scarcely had they risen from their knees when a ring at the bell announced a caller, and our friend was summoned to the door to meet an acquaintance, who said, 'I was on my way to Harlem, but something bade me, almost compelled me, to stop here and offer you a little to assist in your mission. Here is what I have with me,' and she laid in the other's hand seven dollars. The poor woman's story was recounted, and the thankfulness of our friend was apparent. 'The Lord knew best,' she said, 'I asked for six dollars and he sent seven, knowing it would cost something to have the good woman's effects returned to her rooms.'—Christian Intelligencer.'

The Very Last.

After being closely engaged in dealing with an interesting old couple, who had found their way into the inquiry room at the close of one of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's meetings in Addison road, I rose from my knees to find that with the exception of one or two officials waiting to close the hall, there were only two other people beside myself left of all the immense congregation. Almost at the same moment as I rose and glanced at these two, I discovered that one was a man who had at one time belonged to my own bible-class, the other was an evangelist, who came towards me, saying, 'I see that you know this man. I have not been able to help him; perhaps you may be able to do so.' With that he turned away, and we were left together.

I was much moved, for this was a man who had seemed to come very near the kingdom whilst in the bible class, and over whom the other members of the class as well as myself had yearned intensely, and for whom much prayer had been offered. But he had been stumbled through the persuasions of his wife and a doctor, who had urged him to take stimulants when he was not very well; he was ashamed of having yielded, and could not be induced to return to the class after having broken his pledge.

Now we stood once more face to face, and I exclaimed, 'P——, I am surprised but glad to see you here!' 'Yes, ma'am,' he said. 'I have been looking at you for some time, though I knew that you did not see me.' 'Well, P——,' I answered, 'it is no chance that has left us two to be the very last of all the thousands who filled this building to-night.' 'No!' he replied, 'I feel that it is very solemn, and that if I leave this hall unsaved to-night I shall die a lost soul.' I, too, felt the awful solemnity, and at once said, 'Do not let us wait a moment; let us get upon our knees and pray.' Down upon our knees we went, and I poured out my own intense longing for his soul's immediate salvation. At my suggestion P—— followed, but before we rose prayer was changed to praise for another wanderer sought and won.

By this time it was late and there was no train to take me to my destination, so together we walked two miles, during which time P—— told me how nearly he had been prevented from going to the meeting at all. How when he did reach the hall he had been twice turned away from the door because there was no room. How the last time a steward had overheard, and had kindly said that if he would go round to the inquiry-room he would open a window and let him in. This he did, but, strange to say, P—— had not been able to hear one word of Mr. Moody's address. Yet when the crowd streamed into the room for the after-meeting, there he was, and there he remained until he became a new creature in Christ. He was the first to be converted out of twelve children of a Christian widowed mother, to whom he wrote at once telling the good tidings. One of his brothers was brought to Christ on receiving a letter from P—— telling of his conversion.

This was an encouraging instance of fruit found after many days; but whilst in this case there was a peculiar personal interest, I met with many cases where the good work had been begun in a soul by a dear mother then in glory, or a Sunday-school teacher, or some other instrument. 'In due season we shall reap if we faint not.'—'The Christian.'

The Bullet That Missed.

G. W. Mott, in 'The Friend' for Dec. 26, 1896, writes:

'At our late yearly meeting of Ohio, as the time was drawing to separate, in order to return to our respective homes, a very solemn silence spread over the meeting, which was broken by a petition, vocally offered to our Father in heaven, that he might be pleased to watch over us, and preserve us in our homeward journey, and if it was consistent with his will we might be permitted to arrive safely home.

'The meeting closed about twelve o'clock, noon, on the first of tenth month, and near four o'clock that afternoon a company of seven of us took the train for our homes in Iowa, a distance of about seven hundred miles.

'Our train made a stop at Cambridge, Ohio, and after pulling out of that station, just before it had attained its full speed, we heard a report that sounded like that of the firing of a musket, and the ball entered the window at our right hand, scattering pieces of glass nearly across the car, and passed out at the window at our left hand.

'One of our company, just a few minutes before, had picked up a paper, and was leaning forward reading by the light of a lantern that was sitting on the floor of the car, and another one had just lain down on the seat, when the report was heard. Had they both been sitting upright as they were a few minutes before, their heads would have been directly in range with the two holes in the windows made by the ball from the musket.

'I have been induced to write this account from a desire I have felt of late to call our attention to the circumstances connected with the incident, and more particularly those of us who were exposed to such imminent danger, and to the wonderful interposition of Divine Providence in his protecting care over us.'

'Oh, Shun the Bowl!'

'Oh shun the bowl, when rich delight
Shines loveliest, mortal, in thy sight;
Oh loathe the charms that tempt to sip,
And dash the rapture from thy lip!

For 'neath the nectared pleasure's tide,
The rankest dregs of woe abide;
And every drop that cheers thy heart,
Will madden more the poison's smart.

'Tis like the smile of treachery,
'Tis like the glassy ocean's dye;
Deceit is lurking in the glow,
And death and danger frown below.

Then, mortal, when the joys of earth
Invite thee to a pangless mirth,
Beware, nor dare the bowl to sip,
But dash the rapture from thy lip.'
—'League Journal.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Hair-Dressing on the Upper Congo.

The Rev. J. Whitehead, of Lukolela, on the Upper Congo River, writes :—

'I send you a photograph of hair-dressing

A NATIVE WOMAN OF LUKOLELA AWAITING THE ATTENTION OF HER HAIR-DRESSER.

and kneading cassava bread in Bongende, a village adjoining Lukolela station. In the picture there is a sample of the lazy native dog lying near the kitchen fire. The husband is sitting on the log, with a native marimba in his hands.'

A Bit of a Shake

OR PETER, THE PEACE-BRINGER.

(By the Rev. T. S. Millington, M.A., in 'The Day of Days.'

CHAPTER I.

'I'd never forgive.'

'It will be a week to-morrow,' said Mrs. Hawkins, pensively—'a week to-morrow since it happened. I'll never believe it was John's fault; and if it had been, Mr. Downe ought to have overlooked it when he went and apologized; but he would not listen to him. What to do I don't know! I never did run into debt; and I won't now, if I can help it; but there's nothing in the house, and the children, poor things, are beginning to pine. I hope John will find a job of work to-day, please God!'

Mrs. Hawkins looked anxiously at the empty cupboard in which she was putting away the breakfast things, and at the little coalplace underneath, in which there was scarcely a bit of fuel left, and sighed deeply. They were poor people at the best of times, and lived only from hand to mouth. How could it be otherwise, the man being only a day-laborer and the children four in number, the eldest of whom was only twelve years old? Hawkins was a steady and industrious man; but he had married young, and had never been able to put by anything against a rainy day. All days were rainy with him, he used to say. Hitherto he had said it cheerfully; and neither he nor his wife ever made a trouble of hard work and poor living as long as they could earn enough to keep things going.

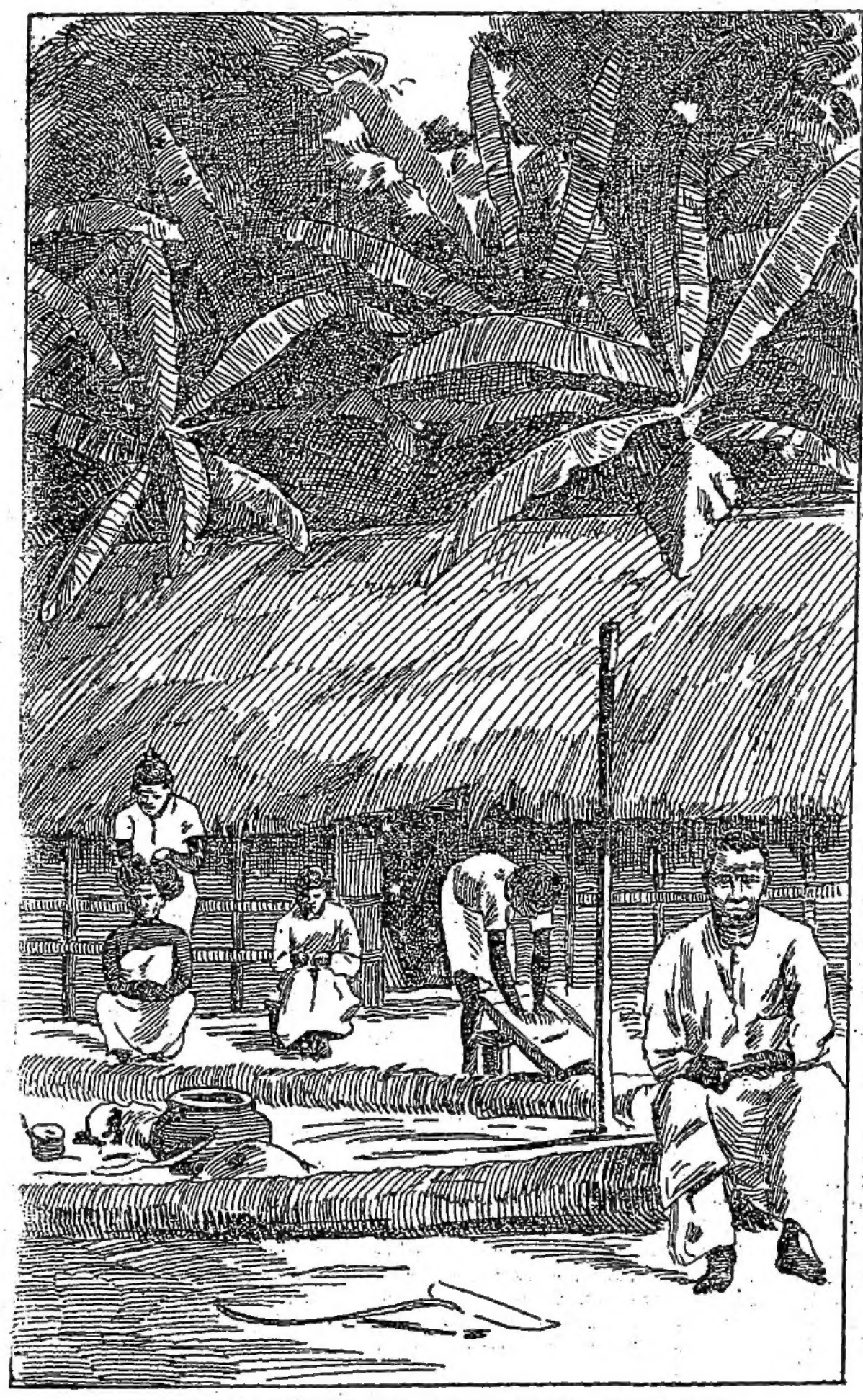
Trouble had come to them now, however. Hawkins had forgotten himself for once. He had offended his employer by some act of carelessness; or by some blunder which he had committed, and had 'answered again' when spoken to. Mr. Downe, a contractor, and a sharp man, who had once been a laborer himself, never allowed any one to 'answer again,' and had 'sent him about his business'; knowing very well that he had no 'business' to go to; and, as it was the dull season of the year for builders, and workmen were not much wanted, he had refused to listen to his apologies or to have anything more to do with him. Hawkins had told his wife all about it; and she could not but feel that he had been hardly used. It was not to be expected, she said to herself, that a man like John would bear to be spoken to like a dog. He might have made a mistake, perhaps; but it was not true that he had been drinking and did not know what he was about. No, thank God! He was not one of that sort, and never had been. Such accusations ought not to be lightly made; and it was no wonder John denied the charge indignantly and warmly.

Mrs. Hawkins could not help wishing, however, that her husband had restrained his temper. His employer was known to be short-tempered himself, and therefore the less likely to put up with such a fault in any one else. Was it not written that servants should be subject to their masters, with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward? It was no use saying anything to her husband just then, for he was as much put about as any of them; but Mrs. Hawkins thought she would remind him of this text as soon as he should have got another place. The mischief was done now. Hawkins had been out of work for a week; the children would soon be wanting bread; and they were in a great strait.

'Are you going out to-day, Mrs. Hawkins?' a neighbor asked, looking in at the door.

'No, Mrs. Fenn,' she replied, 'I've got nowhere to go this morning. I wish I had.' She had earned a shilling or two by charring lately, and her neighbor had looked after the children in her absence. Not very good economy, perhaps, in the long run; but, economy was out of joint just then. 'Hawkins is gone out again to look for work,' she added.

'It's a hard case,' said the other. 'From all I hear, your husband was not much to blame, if any; and if he gave a sharp ans-



HAIR-DRESSING AND KNEADING CASSAVA BREAD, IN BONGENDE.

wer when Mr. Downe spoke to him, it was no wonder. Mr. Downe is a proud, overbearing sort of man, no doubt. But never mind; it will be his turn to suffer some day, and then he'll know what it is.'

'I am afraid that would not make it any better for us,' said Mrs. Hawkins; 'and I don't wish him any harm.'

'I should, though, if I were in your place. When a man takes the bread out of your children's mouths like that, it's natural to owe him a grudge.'

'It doesn't follow that it's right, though. Feelings that come natural are not always the best. "Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but, contrariwise blessing"—that's what the Scripture teaches. I wish Hawkins could find another place, though; it would be easier to forgive and forget after that. Mr. Downe, must be a hard-hearted, bad sort of man, as you say.'

'I'd never forgive Mr. Downe, if it was me,' said Mrs. Fenn, turning away. 'He ought to suffer; it would do him good, and make him more feeling towards other folks. His turn will come some day, I have no doubt: and I shall be glad of it, if you are not.'

'Hush, hush!' said the other, 'that's not Christianity, Mrs. Fenn; and you don't mean it, I know, though you say it.'

Peter, the eldest boy, who had been listening to this dialogue, scarcely knew which side to take. He felt instinctively that his mother must be right, especially when she had the Scripture to support her. But then he had heard his father talk very much in the same strain as Mrs. Fenn, and he sympathized with his father. He was very indignant with Mr. Downe for behaving so unjustly and cruelly; he was also very hungry, and that did not dispose him to be charitable. He looked from one of the speakers to the other, but said nothing; and presently put on his boots and went out into the streets, in the hope of picking up a trifle by holding a horse or running an errand.

CHAPTER II.

'A bit of a shake.'

Peter was a sharp boy for his age, and kept his eyes open as he walked along: but he could not help thinking all the while of his father's wrongs, and inflaming himself more and more against Mr. Downe, as the author of them. His father had looked so miserable and depressed that morning, as he left home early, with only a mouthful of bread to stay his hunger, that Peter, who had usually seen him cheerful and light-hearted, had been unhappy ever since. He had heard so much of Mr. Downe's pride and ill-temper, and felt so keenly the trouble which it had brought upon his home, that he could hardly avoid sharing Mrs. Fenn's opinion that it would serve him right if some trouble were to happen to him in his turn; and that nobody need be very sorry for him if it did.

Peter tried in vain to get a bag to carry for a passenger; he envied the telegraph-boys stepping along briskly with an air of responsibility and importance, and earning their own living; he would not have minded sweeping a chimney just for once. If he could earn a few pence, anyhow, to take home it would be such a pleasure. He was walking along, very much out of spirits, when his attention was attracted by a scaffold erected in front of a large building in order to convert it into a shop. A huge iron beam was lying upon the ground, ready to be raised to its place; and some baulks, or gallows-props, as they are technically called, had been fixed to support the superstructure, while that was being done.

'It is a wonder,' said Peter, to himself, looking up to the top of the house, which was a lofty one, 'that such a lot of building should be supported on a single beam; and still more that it should rest, even for a short time upon those wooden props. When all the brickwork below is removed there will be nothing else to hold up the whole front of the building but those bits of timber. They ought to be pretty strong. What a smash there would be if they were to break!'

Following out his idea of a smash, which at the first moment was rather amusing than otherwise, the boy stepped inside the hoarding and examined the props, one of which appeared to him to be cracked and unsound. Of course, he was not a competent judge of that, and the workmen ought to know what they were about; and presently one of the bricklayers from above called to him roughly to go about his business.

'I was only looking at this,' said Peter calling the man's attention to the prop.

'You was looking?' was the answer. 'Of course you was — looking for anything you could pick up, I suppose. Be off with you!'

Peter turned away angrily and walked down the street. What did it signify to him whether the prop was sound or not? Looking back presently at the house, with no very amiable feelings toward it, he observed two men who had stopped in front of the hoarding, and who appeared to be interested, as he had been, in the process which was going on. They were pointing to something and talking to each other in an excited manner; and presently afterwards, as they passed him, Peter overheard one of them say to the other,—

'It's only a bit of a shake.'

'Safe and unsafe are two different things,' was the answer. 'I wouldn't trust that prop if it was my job. I never run a risk, if I can help it; but Downe knows his own business best, no doubt.'

'Very likely Downe has never seen it,' the other man replied; 'he trusts to his foreman; but, in a job like that there's no eye like the master's.'

'You'd better call, and give him a hint,' said the other. 'It would not be much out of your way.'

'He would not thank me if I did,' was the answer. 'Downe don't like to be interfered with, especially by one of his own trade; and he's not very particular when he's put out. He's a rough diamond, is Downe. Besides, he's quite able to take care of himself; and it's no concern of mine.'

'Nor mine either. I'll mind my own business, and let other folks mind theirs. I dare say it will be all right.'

The two men passed on, and Peter, who had heard every word, of their short dialogue, felt his ears tingle. 'A bit of a shake!' No doubt they were speaking of the crack which he had himself noticed in the prop. 'Safe or unsafe!'—his own fears, then, had not been without foundation. These men were evidently builders, and were able to form a competent judgment of such things. What would be the consequences if the prop should break? The whole front of the house would fall down; the bricklayer who had spoken so roughly to him would be killed, and others with him. It was Mr. Downe's job, too; the loss would fall upon him; and such a loss! — he would most likely be ruined by it!'

For a moment something like a feeling of grim satisfaction passed through Peter's mind at this. Mrs. Fenn had said 'his turn would come'; it might come sooner than she anticipated. The next instant he was shocked at the idea of such a catastrophe, and turned back quickly, with a strange fear at his heart, to look again at the doubtful prop, and at the workmen who were breaking away the wall by the side of it. They had made a large hole already; but it would take some time before the whole of the brickwork was removed. Still, they were pecking away at it, and every brick removed would bring them nearer to the danger, if danger there were, of which they were evidently quite unconscious.

'I say, mister,' said Peter, mustering courage at length to speak to the workman, 'there's a bit of a shake in this post. Did you know it?'

'What! you are there again, are you?' said the man who had spoken to him before. 'I'll slip down and give you a shake, if you don't take yourself off this minute. I know what you are after—young monkey.'

Peter took himself off without another word.

'Like master like man,' he thought to himself. Why should he trouble himself about this fellow, or about Mr. Downe? Very likely it was all right; at all events, it was 'no concern of his,' as he had heard the two builders say. He had done what he could to warn the men, and if any mischief happened it would serve them right.

'Serve them right!' The boy colored up to his ears as the meaning of what he had been saying to himself flashed across his mind. 'If these workmen should be killed would it not be his fault? No one might ever know what he had seen and heard, but would not the guilt lie upon his conscience all the same? Should he ever be able to justify himself to his own heart? Mr. Downe would be ruined, too, perhaps. That would not be of so much consequence; but it would not be pleasant afterwards to feel that he had indulged his feelings of dislike and resentment at such a time and under such circumstances. A better spirit came over him as he stood and thought thus within himself, until the very fact that Mr. Downe had done him wrong came forward prominently as a chief reason why he should leave no means untried to prevent the threatened catastrophe.

But what could he do? That was the next thought. He turned and walked past the house again, looking up at it anxiously. There was time yet. The bricks were being pulled out one by one, and there was a large mass still to be removed. Peter knew where Mr. Downe lived. He did not like the idea of going to his house, especially after what he had heard from the two builders; and it was hardly likely that he would listen to him or take any notice of what he said; but he resolved to make the effort, notwithstanding. Perhaps he might see Mrs. Downe, or one of the foremen: at all events, he would endeavor to find some one to whom he could relate what he had overheard and what he had himself observed; and, without another moment's hesitation or delay, he started off at a run for Mr. Downe's house.

CHAPTER III.

'We all have our faults,'

Peter was quite out of breath when he got there; for the faster he ran the more the urgency of his errand pressed upon him and the fear increased that he might be too late. There was a spring cart standing near the house, and the house door was open. Peter looked in, and saw Mr. Downe in the passage muffling himself up for a journey, his wife standing to watch the process. He had just dined and was going off to see about some building of importance which he had been asked to undertake, and was in a very good humor.

'Now, youngster,' he said, as Peter approached, 'what do you want, eh?'

'I want to speak to you,' Peter stammered out, trying to get his breath.

'Can't stop now; go up the yard, and speak

to one of the men. You don't want me, I'm sure.'

'Oh, yes, I do,' said Peter: 'it's no use speaking to any one else; I've tried that.'

'Be off with you,' said the man roughly; 'don't hinder me,'

Everybody told him to 'be off'; why should he not 'be off'? so Peter thought to himself. But no—with such a weighty secret on his mind he was not going to be silenced in that way. He stood between Mr. Downe and his conveyance, and cried out aloud: 'Stop, sir! there'll be somebody killed if you don't; and you'll be ruined, too!'

'Ruined ! Me ruined! It would take something to ruin me,' said the man, with a rough laugh.

'Somebody killed!' cried Mrs. Downe, 'What does the boy mean?' Do stop a moment and hear what he has to say.'

The builder stopped at his wife's bidding, and Peter told his story as quickly and coherently as he could.

'It's worth looking to,' said Downe, moved by the boy's excited and earnest manner. 'I'll drive round that way. Come up into the trap with me, youngster; and if I find you are playing me a trick——'

'I hope you'll be in time,' said Peter, too much preoccupied to notice the remark. 'Drive on, sir, please; drive as fast as you can.'

Mr. Downe noticed that the boy was in a great heat, and trembling with excitement. In spite of himself, he could not help catching a little of the infection, and he drove on as quickly as the crowded state of the streets would allow him.

'Now then,' he cried, pulling up suddenly in front of the hoarding, 'get down and hold the horse.'

They both alighted, and Mr. Downe disappeared behind the planks. Peter could see that the bricklayer who had ordered him to 'be off' was called down, and that several others left their work and came to look at the props; and after a long delay Mr. Downe returned to the cart and took the reins into his hands.

'You were not far wrong, my lad,' he said. 'I don't know that any harm would have happened, but there was a bit of a shake in one of the uprights, and it might not have been quite safe to trust it. We shall have another put up by the side of it, and there will be no risk then. There's half a crown for you. What's your name?'

'Thank you, sir,' said Peter, clutching it, eagerly. 'My name's Hawkins—Peter Hawkins,'

'Hawkins—Hawkins ? Who does your father work for?'

'He used to work for you, sir ; but he doesn't work for anybody now.'

'Oh, yes, I know. A tall man, isn't he — rather short-tempered.'

'I don't know that he's any shorter-tempered than other people,' said Peter, abruptly. 'He don't drink, like some men, and he don't like to have it said he does. You wouldn't.'

Mr. Downe looked at the boy with surprise, but presently broke into a laugh. 'Well, I don't know as I should,' he said. 'So your father hasn't got a job yet, hasn't he?'

'No, sir.'

'And he don't drink.'

'No, sir; never. I wish you would take him on again. We are very—badly —off.' What with the excitement of the last hour, and the anxiety and the joy, and other sensations, Peter was by this time a little overcome, and began to cry and sob as he made this bold request.

'I'll see about it,' said Mr. Downe. 'There, go along; make yourself happy; I'm in a hurry now, but I won't forget. There, there —that's a good lad.'

So saying Mr. Downe patted the boy, rather heavily, upon the shoulder, and jumped into his trap, and drove quickly away. Peter soon recovered himself, and ran off, almost as rapidly, in the opposite direction, towards his home.

'There, mother,' he cried, rushing into the house, and throwing down the half-crown upon the table, 'What shall we have for dinner? Where's father? Mr. Downe gave me that; and he's going to see about work for father'; and in a few minutes he had told her all his story.

The same evening Mr. Downe himself came to the house. Hawkins had returned a short time before, not wholly unsuccessful, but with no permanent prospects. Peter's adventure had put them all in good spirits; but his father was doubtful whether Mr. Downe would think any more about the matter, and asked a great many questions as to how he looked and how he spoke.

'I shouldn't put much trust in him,' said Hawkins, 'It all depends upon the humor he's in. We shall very likely never see him again.'

'Here he is,' said Peter.

Mr. Downe nodded to them, but addressed himself to Peter. 'I've been round to look at the house again, my lad; on my way home; it's all right. It wouldn't have been all right, though, if you had not come and told me about it. That shaky prop began to give the moment the weight came on it; and if there had not been a good one up by the side of it, it would have broken in two, and the house must have come down. I felt as if I ought to come and tell you. Two or three men might have been crippled, or lost their lives, if it hadn't been for you. It's well that some folks have got eyes in their head, and know how to use them; but I wonder that a little chap like you should be so sharp.'

'Bless you, sir,' said the mother, proudly, 'he sees everything, Peter does; he takes a deal of notice, and always did when he was a baby; he never passes a place where there is any work going on without stopping to look on, and when he comes back he tells us all about it. He can use his hands, too; look at this little cart he made for baby.'

'The boy seems to have a good notion,' said Mr. Downe, after he had examined the rude specimen of Peter's carpentering. 'But what made you come to me at all? Didn't you know that your father and me had a bit of a fall-out?'

'Yes, sir; I knew all about it,' said Peter. 'I couldn't help knowing it; we all knew it, and felt it, too; but I thought somebody might be killed, and that you would perhaps be ruined.'

'Ruined! No; it would take a deal more than that to ruin me,' said the man, laughing. 'It might have cost me a hundred pounds, though;, and I wouldn't have had it happen for a thousand. But I wonder you thought about me.'

Mr. Downe was serious for a few moments, and had quite lost his old rude and blustering manner. 'Some lads would have borne a grudge,' he continued presently. 'You didn't.'

'No,' said Hawkins, 'he has been better taught. Not by me, sir, I can't take it to myself; it's his mother's doing, not mine. What was that text your mother taught you, Peter, only a week last Sunday?'

'"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." But it wasn't meant for you in particular, Mr. Downe,' the boy added, hastily; 'for it was in the Sermon on the Mount, and I learnt it before anything of all this happened.'

'Never mind,' said Downe ; 'you've got your lesson well. I owe you something. You can come to the shop if you like, and make yourself useful; and if you are a good boy, and get on well, we may perhaps make a joiner of you. As for you, Hawkins, you can go to work as soon as you like. You didn't do quite right the other day; but we won't say any more about that. I'm sorry I turned you off so sharply.'

'Thank you, sir,' said Hawkins. 'I lost my temper, sir, I know.'

'We all have our faults,' said his wife apologetically. 'John means well, and does well, most times; but he was put upon by the other men, and did not like it; and then you were angry with him when he thought he did not deserve it. If you see anything wrong another time, sir, go and tell him his fault between you and him; he'll do anything for a kind word, John will, and so will Peter.'

'All right,' said Downe, turning to leave the house, 'He is like most of us, I suppose —a bit of a shake somewhere. Its a good thing when there's a friend who will tell us kindly where the shake lies, and point out the consequences.'

'Yes, sir,' said Mrs. Hawkins. 'It's good, too, when one will stand up to help another, instead of being offended at his faults. "Bear ye one another's burdens; and so fulfil the law of Christ."'

'Like those props,' said Downe, laughing. "The weak one would have been shivered to pieces if the strong one had not been ranged up alongside of it. We must help one another in this world, I suppose. Well, Peter shall come and try what he can do; and I'll stand by him, as I said before. If he turns out well, as I don't doubt but he will, he will have to thank his mother for it.'

'He'll look higher than that, I hope, sir,' was the answer.

And that same night Hawkins and his wife and Peter gave thanks together to their heavenly Father for the good providence by which the burden of their care had been so unexpectedly removed and their necessities supplied.

Why Farmer Finch took the Pledge.

(By Mrs. John Brett.)

'It's of no use, so I tell you, Mr. Stanley. What I believe, I believe ; and you might as well talk to the man in the moon on that subject. I am glad for you to call in, but, somehow, sir, your conversation always seems to drift round, by hook or by crook, to teetotalism, and that I hate and don't want to hear about !'

Mr. Finch planted his foot resolutely on the fender, and showed a disposition to turn the 'cold shoulder' on his visitor, who was a man of gentle spirit, and whose life was devoted to preaching the Gospel and seeking to save the lost.

'Really, Mr. Finch, I must apologize,' he answered, 'I had not the slightest intention of boring you on any subject. You will grant me that my mind must naturally be deeply impressed with the enormity of the curse resting on England in the shape of the drink traffic. But I was only stating facts. Facts are facts, you know.'

'I have no objection to facts as facts, sir. No man in his senses can shut his eyes to facts. There are plenty of them in the paper every day. What I say is this. There are hundreds of drunkards—drunkards, sir —for you to talk to and work upon. Go, by all means, to them with your teetotalism. But I am a strict temperance man. I can rule myself. I hope I know how to use without abusing.'

Mr. Stanley looked at Mr. Finch and saw that that gentleman's bald head was assuming a rosy tint, and that the veins about his

temples were swelling up. This was a sign of danger. So without further remark he took his leave. Then, with scant politeness, Mr. Finch broke out again to his wife and three of his five daughters who were in the room—

'There's Joe Flacey, and Matt. King, and Toby Sharp; let him go and preach his teetotalism to them. They all want it, or anything else, goodness knows, that'll keep them decent and a bit of bread in their mouths. Let him prate to the publican and the parson.'

'He has no need to "prate" to himself on the subject, my dear,' said Mrs. Finch.

'Oh, he! He's only a sort of Methody—I mean the church parson; I know who wants talking to, but it's not me. Why, look at half the chaps on our own farm.'

'Yes, my dear; but don't you think if you set the example of going without beer altogether, they might follow? And don't you think it might help them if, as Mr. Stanley said, you would provide oatmeal or lemonade in harvest time?'

"No, I don't, or else I should do it. When I'm sure of a thing I am sure. The men have always had their beer; and what's more, I'm not going to have my own wife "Mr. Stanleying" it over me. I've got a mind of my own, and know how to use it. I hate teetotalism. Let the men do as I do—stop when they've had enough, and not want chains on their wrists and padlocks on their mouths.

Mrs. Finch sighed. She could have told of many a miserable home, entirely through the men being encouraged to drink by their strictly moderate master. She knew, too, of the real 'bracelets' often imposed on them by the law, and the padlock of the prison gate.

Did not Mr. Finch know these facts as well? Certainly; and it was the knowledge of them that so often made him crusty. But to straighten matters he must have straightened himself, relinquished his own will and his own glass of beer, fallen in with the opinions of people wiser than himself, and sat down at the feet of Somebody he knew very little, if anything, about, who once said of certain people living in his own time—'They bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne and lay them on men's shoulders, but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers.'

Mr. Finch would not allow his wife or children to become teetotallers. That would have been a reflection on himself. But he said nothing when they all chose to take nothing but water with their dinner.

Mr. Stanley called as usual about once a fortnight, endeavoring to steer clear of the objectionable topic in his conversation, for he wished to retain the farmer's friendship.

Several months passed, when one day a farm servant, Toby Sharp, was slicing turnips for the cattle when his hand got caught, and, before he could pull it away, it was sliced up, bones and all. The poor fellow dropped on the ground, fainting with the agony, and his mates ran for the master. Toby was forthwith conveyed to the infirmary. His wife was well-nigh frantic, and well she might be, with eight children to feed, and only the eldest boy big enough to earn a trifle.

She knew, too, that Toby had not been sober that afternoon when he returned to his work. He had idled half his dinner-hour at the 'Green Goose,' and was, she said, 'half seas over, and terribly cross to the little uns when he did come in to his dinner.'

Mr. Stanley called at the farm a week or so after the occurrence, and Mr. Finch brought up the subject.

'What's this fuss on at your schoolroom to-night?' he inquired. 'My Tom was saying something about it, and I saw one of the great placards as well.'

'Oh,' replied Mr. Stanley, with a smile, 'I am going to give a lecture upon the wicked thing that has evidently cost poor Toby Sharp his arm, and might have deprived him of his life.'

Mr. Finch was silent, and Mr. Stanley proceeded apologetically—'I should not have mentioned it, but, as you brought it up, I was bound to reply.'

'Oh, it's all right!' snapped the farmer. 'You can lecture on any subject you like, I suppose. I am not obliged to come and hear it.'

'I should be very glad if you would,' said Mr. Stanley, 'for more reasons than one.'

'What's the one to begin with?'

'Well, you see, this terrible accident has caused much trouble to Toby's family. I am aware of your great kindness to them in consequence, but you cannot be burdened always; therefore, while the sympathy of the public is at boiling point, I resolved to give a lecture and take a collection for them. I have every reason to believe that Toby himself will never touch another drop of what has been such an unmitigated curse to him.'

'He was a fool. Why need he go fuddling at an alehouse instead of home to eat his dinner?'

'Ah, why indeed? But, Mr. Finch, you, I believe, knew poor Toby's mother?'

'Rather! the wicked old fish!'

'Poor thing! Deluded by her moderate-drinking husband into breaking her pledge she developed what had hitherto been unsuspected to exist within her system—the drink crave. As you are aware, the fire once lighted, was only extinguished by death.'

Farmer Finch snorted and frowned, and the veins in his forehead beginning to look ominous, Mr. Stanley quietly farewelled.

That afternoon over the tea-table Mr. Finch thus delivered himself to his wife:—

'I have made up my mind to go to that lecture to-night. Of course you will come, too, and the girls and Tom. I hate teetotalism, but as the master of Toby, I don't wish it to be thought I wouldn't do all as a good master should to help in such an emergency. So we will put something handsome in the plate.'

Quite an attraction was the Finch family parading through the village at an early hour, and many in consequence turned out to the lecture who would not otherwise have thought of it.

Coming upon the scene soon after the opening of the doors, the Finches were shown to the seat immediately under the platform, which they just filled. The hall was speedily full to overflowing.

When Mr. Stanley came upon the platform, and saw the farmer and his family, he, like Nehemiah, raised a momentary prayer for special help.

The lecture was rendered forcible by colored diagrams and attractive pictures, and God put into the lecturer's mouth words of love and fire.

Several times Farmer Finch's veins swelled up a bit, and he cast a hurried glance in the direction of the door, but there was no escape and he had to sit it out.

The collection was taken before the closing hymn, and the meeting ended with prayer. When the little bustle of going out began, the farmer was not to be seen. His wife wondered for an instant, but she had plenty of company, and they all returned home leisurely, where they found Mr. Finch.

'Oh, father,' exclaimed his eldest daughter, as she entered the sitting room, 'there is such a horrible smell outside the house!'

'Disgusting!' added another of the girls.

'Bad smell, eh?' said the farmer. 'What's it like?'

'It's like nothing we can think of,' cried Tom. 'We've never smelt anything so nasty. Ugh!'

Along the edge of the road ran a grassy ditch, which in front of Farmer Finch's, was crossed by a brick arch that formed the approach to the garden gate. It was here that the olfactories of the family had been assailed.

'Ah—yes, I can tell you what it is,' said Mr. Finch, *after a pause*. 'To tell you the truth, I never saw the Devil and the Drink so near together as I saw them to-night. What I see, I see, and I resolved, no more Devil in that shape for me. I ran home as fast as I could, hauled down the eighteen-gallon cask off the stand, and rolled him out to the gate, stove in his head, and let the contents into the ditch. That's the secret of the horrid smell!'

Mr. Finch and the whole of his family signed the teetotal pledge in Mr. Stanley's book the next day, and, what is better, they all became thorough Christians.

They worked hard and heartily in the cause of Christ and teetotalism for years, when the farmer and then his wife were called up higher.

Those of his family remaining are carrying on the good work to this day.—'Scottish Temperance League Monthly Pictoral Tract.'

It is Toward Evening.

Abide with me, O Christ, thou must not go,
For life's brief day is now far down the west;
In darkning clouds my sun is sinking low,
Lord, stay and soothe thy fretted child to rest.

Abide with me ere I can fall on sleep
My throbbing head must on thy breast recline,
That I may hear anew thy voice, and feel
The thrill of thy pierced hands in touch with mine.

Abide with me; so then shall I have peace
The world can never give nor take from me;
Nor life nor death can that calm peace disturb,
Since life and death alike are gain through thee.

In life 'tis well; for though in paths of pain
In desert place afar I'm led aside,
Yet here 'tis joy my Master's cup to share,
And so I pray, O Christ, with me abide.

'Tis gain if death; for in that far-off land—
No longer far—no veil of flesh will dim
For me the wondrous beauty of the King
As he abides with me and I with him.

Abide with me; I've toiled gladly on,
A little while, in stir of care and strife;
The task is laid aside at thy command,
Make thou it perfect with thy perfect life.

—'Friendly Greetings.'

A Prayer.

(By Mary G. Woodhull.)

Love of Christ, which passeth knowledge,
Peace of God, so restful, sweet!
Presence of the Holy Spirit,
Blessed, tender Paraclete,
May thy joy, thy peace attend us,
Till life's pilgrimage be o'er;
And the feet that oft have wandered,
From thy love shall roam no more.

—'Forward.'

Animal Collectors.

The mania for collecting curious objects, beautiful or otherwise, is not confined to man alone who makes the accumulation of stamps, coins and various curiosities the fancy of his life. Many of the lower animals show a similar desire for collecting curious things. This is well illustrated at the present time by a bird in the zoological garden of London, that possesses such aesthetic tastes that thousands of people have visited it for this reason alone. The bird has an extraordinary fancy for odd-shaped and colored objects, and when they are placed in its cage, which is a large and commodious enclosure, it carefully collects them in one place, and amuses itself by changing them about, after the manner of collectors at large who delight in arranging and rearranging their treasures.

It is only the very odd things that this bird collector notices—quaint bits of shell, odd shapes in metal, broken glass if of a bright color, vivid tints in cloth and ribbon, in all, in the instance of this one bird, making a bushel of what the geologists term ejectalites.

This peculiar fancy is noticeable among a variety of birds. One, known as the amblyornis, is a bird botanist, collecting bright-hued flowers which are placed about the spot it frequents, and as they fade are carried away and replaced by others, showing that the bird has a taste that is decidedly aesthetic.

Certain birds in the islands near the Indian Ocean have been watched by naturalists. They would collect every object that in any way was odd or peculiar. Certain ones frequented the camp, going early in the morning and stealing various objects. By following them the observers see at the bird museum a marvellous collection of objects—pieces of shining tin from sardine cans, oval tags of the same metal that had been left exposed, the nozzle of a deep-green bottle, ball of red tape, dozens of a rich red helix or snail that had caught the eye of the bird, bits of mica from some distant ledge, several quartz crystals that shone brightly in the sunlight—probably dazzling gems to the bird collector. When observed in their museum the birds passed their time in running about and rearranging the specimens in different places, placing them here and there as fancy dictated.

The Australian bird candalaria is so famous for its collections that when anything is lost about the camps of the natives they immediately hunt in the curious museums of this bird for the missing object. This bird is especially fond of bright-colored feathers, bones, sea weeds, shells, dozens of the former being found strewn upon the ground or hanging on twigs.

One of the albatrosses in its nesting grounds on the borders of the Arctic ocean is known as a collector, and piles about its nest all kinds of curious and useless objects, which are undoubtedly considered as ornamental. A small tern observed by the writer on the Pacific coast, made the flooring to its nest of the shells of the highly-colored Donax, on which the small speckled egg was laid, a most dainty and aesthetic arrangement.

Certain shells are known to have a taste for collecting, one especially attaching to its large shell portions of others, securing them by some peculiar cement, so that they entirely hide the shell, giving it a most singular appearance. That the shell considers the decoration ornamental and that it obtains a certain amount of aesthetic pleasure is evident from the fact that it would be much easier to obtain ordinary pieces of stone and other refuse; but the shell passes them all by, selecting only a certain kind which apparently appeals to its artistic taste.

Even among the very low forms of life we find this desire, for the caddis worm is a remarkable example. This little creature builds a cell for itself half an inch in length and then ornaments it in so striking a manner that it often becomes a really beautiful object. In some instances the worm collects minute coiled shells and attaches them so that the cell is completely covered. Another caddis makes a specialty of short and delicate twigs which it attaches with remarkable regularity, so that the cell looks as though it had been converted into a rich mosaic. Again, one will be covered with little grains of carefully selected quartz so that a dozen or more caddis worms display as many different kinds of ornamentation. Other worms collect singular objects to cover their dens, displaying no little taste.

By far the most remarkable collector is a South American animal which resembles a rabbit and is called the bizcacha; its remarkable propensity may be illustrated by the following incident: 'A gentleman travelling across the pampas suddenly missed his watch, and as it was a valuable one, was in great distress, and insisted upon turning back on the trail to hunt for it. They followed back for several miles, going over the ground carefully, looking among the grass and in the dusty trail, but all to no purpose. The watch which had evidently slipped off and fallen into the road had utterly disappeared, and as no one had passed or followed them, it was a mystery. Finally, they came to a hut that stood back from the trail and told their tale to the occupant, the traveller offering the man a large reward should he find the watch, leaving his address in the city for which he was bound. The native listened to the story, and then asked if the white man would give the reward now if the watch could be found, to which the owner only too gladly assented. The native saddled a wiry pony and started on the back trail, followed by the party. He paid little attention to the trail, but whenever he saw the nest of a bizcacha he rode up to it and carefully examined it. The traveller noticed that all these nests were littered about with strange and incongruous objects which, apparently, had very little to do with the real nest of the animal.

Finally, the guide, who was some distance ahead, gave a shout, and the party of white men hurried on to find the native standing by the side of a bizcacha hole, and there on the sand, safe with the exception of a few scratches, was the gold watch, still going. It had been added to the collection of one of these strange little creatures which are such inveterate collectors, that they gather up every conceivable object of a curious or highly-colored nature and carry it to their rest, so that in some instances four or five bushels of objects are found around the opening, of no use to the animal except as articles of virtue for its contemplation and aesthetic enjoyment. This habit is so well known and understood by the natives that when anything is missed along the roads they immediately visit the nests of the bizcachas where the article is often found.—C. F. Holder, in N. Y. 'Observer.'

Got the Youngster Out of the Way.

'Our Animal Friends' reports the following, vouched for as true:—

'From my earliest recollections my father was very fond of horses, and he usually kept from one to five in his stables. They were well cared for, and in turn he expected good service and speed. We had one horse, Fan, who was the pet of the whole family, and was considered so safe that I, a little fellow in kilts, was allowed to play around her head and heels without restraint.

'One day I was playing in the yard as usual while old Fan was being hitched up. When all was ready, father jumped into the waggon, gathered up the reins, and gave the word to go. But the horse moved not a muscle. He then lightly touched her with the whip; old Fan merely pricked up her ears, but would not budge. Just then my father, a little out of patience, gave the horse a sharper stroke. What was his amazement to see Fan lower her head, carefully seize with her teeth a bundle which was directly in front of her, gently toss it to one side, then start off at a brisk trot. As the small bundle proved to be me, it is needless to say that after that old Fan was more petted than ever before.'

'I Say, Mister.'

A little junior, while out walking, saw a man going up a very high ladder with a bod of bricks on his head, and as she stood watching him she thught every minute she would see him fall to the ground, but after he had gone up two or three times, she called out to him:—

'I say, mister, aren't you afraid to go up that big ladder?'

He laughed and replied, 'No, I'm not afraid, I'm used to it.'

This hardly seemed to satisfy her, and after thinking for a minute or two, she said,

'I guess, mister, why you're not afraid.'

'Why is it?' he asked.

'Because before you came out this morning you knelt down and asked Jesus to keep you safe.'

The man answered nothing, but all the day long those words seemed to ring in his ears, and before long he could have been seen kneeling at the Cross and accepting Christ as his guide and protector in this life. Some months later Jesus wanted this little junior for higher service and at the graveside the man told how these few simple words had been used by God to his soul's salvation.

Sow the seed, children, God will give the increase.—'Young Soldier.'

To the Rescue.

'To the rescue!' shouts the seaman,
Through the howling midnight dark,
As athwart the seething waters
Pilots he his trusty barque;
'To the rescue, man the lifeboat,
There are precious souls to save;
Aid the shipwrecked ere they perish,
Sounds o'er tempest, wind, and wave.

'To the rescue, to the rescue!'
Is the sturdy fireman's cry.
Fiercely are the embers glowing,
And the scorching flames leap high:
Yet at duty's call he riseth,
There are lives from death to win,
So to save them doth he hasten,
Through the smoke and glare and din.

To the rescue, to the rescue!
Seek the little ones who roam,
Tend the suffering, bid the orphaned
Welcome to your heart and home
To the rescue, to the rescue!
Fold them all in love's embrace,
Christ will say, 'To me ye did it,'
When you see him face to face.

—'Wellspring.'

LITTLE FOLKS

A Sugarstick Leg.

'It's a pity you be wasting so much of your money on sweets, lassie!'

If the speaker had not been a very honest well-meaning woman, she would have been the last person you would have expected to say such a thing to the village children who come to buy packets of sugarsticks day after day on their way to school. For it was the woman who kept the sugarstick shop who said it.

Yes, Janet Duncan was an honest Scotchwoman, and felt sorry to see so many pence lightly parted with for sweets

'If, now, you'd be buying a book, or saving money till you'd find a real good use for it (and that's never far off to look for, I'm thinking), wouldn't it be better?'

The lassies laughed and pocketed their new packets of sweets.

During school hours that day the lady from the Hall came in, as she often did, to see how the children were getting on. This time there was a gentleman with her, whom she introduced to the school-master as a missionary lately returned from India. He was staying for a few days at the Hall, to recruit strength for his work, in the beautiful hill air of the neighborhood. The lady said her guest had kindly promised to speak a few words to the school-children and tell them about the mission work in Southern India.

He showed them a curious book he had brought—the kind of book the people in that part of the country use. If they had not been told the children would never have guessed that it could be a book at all. It looked more like a fan when closed. It was made of the leaves of a tree, which were fastened together at one end by means of a little peg running right through them to keep the book shut. On each separate leaf the native scholars had written in their own language a verse from the bible which they had been learning. They were written with a sort of iron pen.

The gentleman said that the mission in which he was working was called a Medical Mission, because they not only taught the natives from the bible, but at the same time gave them remedies to cure their illnesses; and this, of course, made the people all the more willing to be taught the truths of God. He was telling them of one little boy—'just the size of those little boys in the second row,' he said—'who had been sent to climb a cocoanut tree such as you see in pictures;' and how the little boy had missed his footing from fright or dizziness, and had fallen and hurt himself terribly. One of his legs had to be cut off. This saved his life, but the missionary asked the children who were in happy possession of two legs apiece to think with pity on a poor boy who would have to go through life with only one. But he told them he hoped, when he had money enough, to be able to buy a wooden leg for him.

The little boy was lying there in India with only one leg, waiting longingly for the promised wooden leg to come, so that he might once more get out and about.

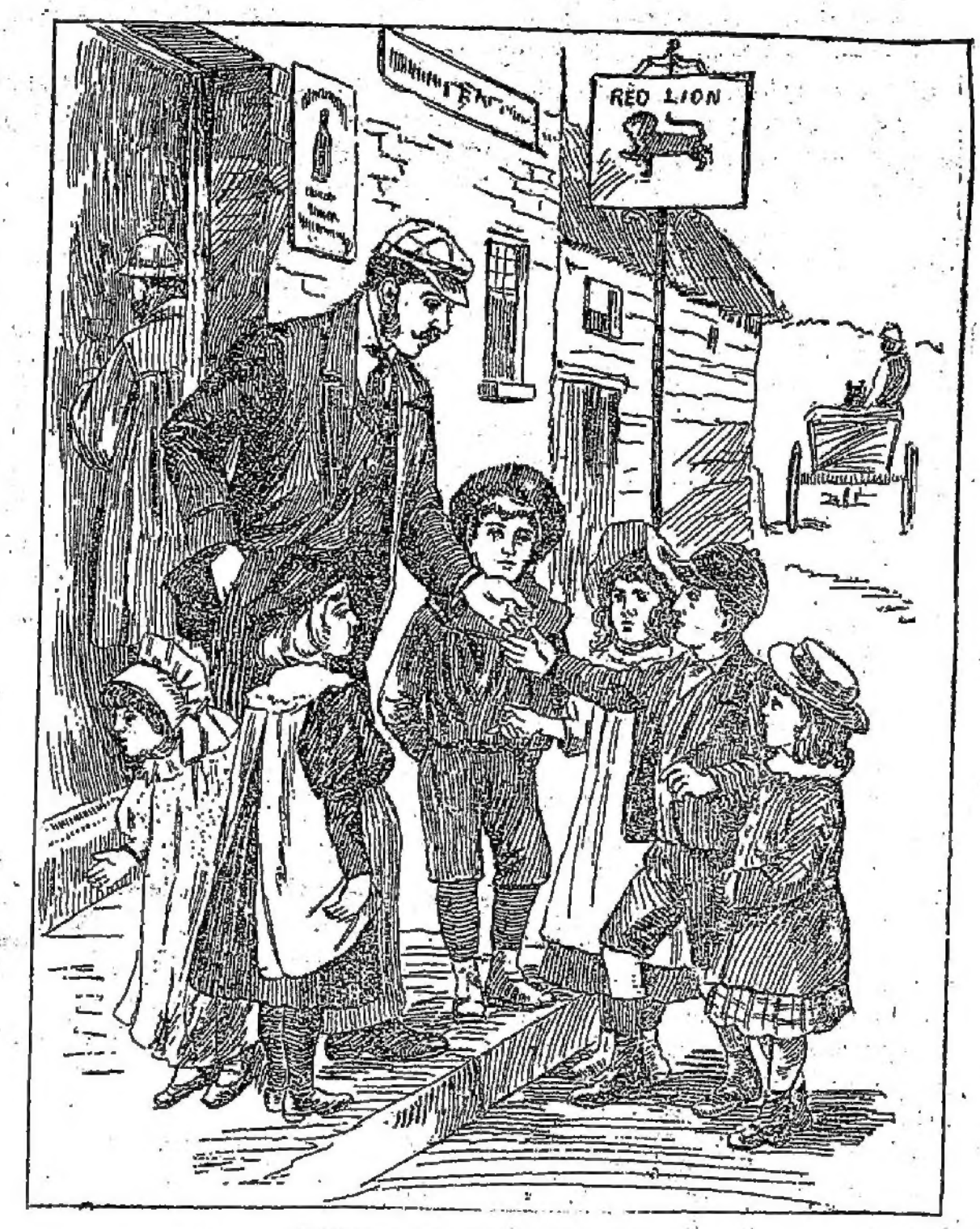
Some of the children thought of what Janet had said to them, and they began to wish they had pence in their pockets instead of sugarsticks.

Quite of their own accord they agreed together they would save some money.

So for the next few days they ran past the shop where the sweets were sold, for they were afraid of feeling tempted to turn in.

The afternoon before the missionary gentleman left the Hall he was walking down the avenue, when Robert Douglas, one of the schoolboys, came in through the gates. He stopped on meeting the gentleman, and, raising his cap, presented him with a note directed to himself; and then went shyly away without a word further.

The note contained a few written words from the school-master, enclosing sixpence, which he said the children had begged him to send from them to help to buy a little part of a wooden leg for the boy in India. He said it had been brought to him in halfpennies, and he felt sure had been saved by the children from their own spending



HELP FOR THE SUGARSTICK LEG.

money; and he hoped to be able before long to have more to send.

In their own homes the children told their fathers and mothers of all they had heard. There were at last two homes in which the children's example led on to further help. One of the mothers said, as she kissed her two sturdy-legged boys before they ran off to morning school:

'Well, here is sixpence apiece for you to give as a thank-offering from your mother for her boys who, by God's providence, have no need of wooden legs.'

Do you not think that this offering to God for the health and strength of her children was a beautiful way of showing her thankfulness?

In another of the village homes a father, who was fast sliding into the habit of over-indulging in what to him was a greater temptation than the sweet-stuff daily was to the children, began to think. One thing he thought about was that the woman at the shop where his savings were 'dribbled' away was not likely ever to tell him it was a pity he should be wasting so much money on the glasses he paid for over her counter.

Another thing he thought was this—the money he was allowing himself for these repeated glasses was certainly not making him feel better (to say the least of it) in health, or better in life. And, even if he gave his wife and family as much of his earnings as would keep them comfortable, was it not selfish, as well as injurious, to spend his 'spare money' on what was a pleasure to himself alone?

The thought of the little lad who was waiting for a wooden leg awoke the further thought of the thousands of sick and needy at home and abroad; of those who were giving up their lives to help them in body and soul, but who could not do all they would for want of money.

'Here, youngsters!' he shouted, as he watched his own children steadily pass the sweet-shop. 'Here is something to help your little chap who wants the wooden leg so badly.'

And he gave them all the loose pence which had been on their way to the public house a few steps farther on.

'You'd better ask me again next Saturday, and maybe you'll get some more,' he added, feeling that it would be a help to overcome his temptation to pledge himself thus.

So he, too, walked past his 'sweet-shop.'

The little sufferer in far-off India never knew how the loss of his leg helped others—E. L. De Butts, in 'Band of Hope Review.'

Tom Laing's Birthday.

It was holiday-time, and it was Tom Laing's tenth birthday, and in honor of the occasion three of his cousins were invited to spend the day with him.

The Laings were living at a pretty place in the country. In front of the house a garden sloped down to a river, where on a clear day you could see the trout jumping and flashing about in the pools. Then a little boat lay moored to the side, and many happy hours the Laings spent floating on the water.

Tom had been very anxious about the weather. He feared the day before that it would rain, as he saw the cat washing over both ears with its paws, and a peacock near had been heard to scream; but these signs failed, and the sun rose bright and beautiful on the important morning.

In due time the cousins arrived, and a council was held as to what was to be done.

'I vote,' said Jacky Law, who was a delicate little fellow, 'that we lie on the grass and tell stories.'

'Nonsense!' said his brother, a big, stout boy of eleven, 'we can do that any day; but look what trees there are, let's climb them and play at monkeys.'

'What do you think, Jim?' said Tom to his third cousin.

'Well,' said Jim, 'I'll do anything you like; but suppose we have a row on the river?'

'Oh, we never thought of that!' cried the others; 'that's just the very thing, and we'll fish too!' And so it was agreed, and the boys ran in to ask Mrs. Laing if they might have the boat.'

'Certainly,' said she; 'and I hope you will have a pleasant time.'

They soon gathered together all the available fishing-gear, which amounted to two fishing-rods and baskets, Jacky remarking that they could put what the baskets would not hold on a string. Then thanking their aunt for a liberal allowance of sandwiches, they set off.

Tom Laing and Jim quickly got the rods all in proper trim, and Tom, putting his into Jacky's hand, said: 'Now, old man, you must have the first shot.'

Jacky was overwhelmed; he had never had a rod in his hand before, and was quite upset with the gravity of the situation; but pursing up his mouth and giving his arm a great swing, he brought the line down on the water, and waited in breathless excitement to see what would happen. In a minute he called out, 'I've got one!' 'Haul him up!' said Tom, and sure enough there was a big, beautiful speckled trout at the end of the line.

'Hurrah!' cried the boys in a breath; 'well done, Jacky!' Jacky, with the modesty of all great minds, was struck dumb with his success. At last, recovering himself, he said: 'How lucky! I'll give that to auntie.'

This was but the beginning of a capital day's fishing, and although the string Jacky had proposed was not needed, the baskets were both fairly filled.

Mrs. Laing was delighted to hear of the success of the party, and particularly of Jacky and his generosity.

When they were all seated at dinner, Mr. Laing said: 'Come, boys fill your glasses and I will give you a toast. We shall drink long life and happiness to Jacky, and may he always have a hand as dexterous and a heart as generous as he has shown to-day!'

Jacky and his brothers looked at each other in rather an embarrassed way; at last Jim, the eldest, said quite manfully: 'Thank you, uncle, for your kind wishes, but we are all Band of Hope boys.'

'Oh, indeed,' said Mr. Laing. 'Ah, well, I should not wonder but you have the best of it. What do you think, Tom?'

Tom, like most boys, wished to be like other people, and so he followed the good example of his cousins, and joined the Band of Hope too.—'Adviser.'

The Tongue.

If thou wishest to be wise,
Keep this truth before thine eyes:
What thou speak'st, and how, beware;
Of whom, to whom, when, and where.

Now, do not scowl, my little friend;
Smooth out that frowning face;
Let every sweet and gentle look
Come back again in place.
Your pretty lips and eyes, my dear
(Remember all the while),
Were never made for frowns and pouts,
But just to beam and smile.
—'Sunday Hour.'

Tobacco Catechism.

TOBACCO POISONS THE BRAIN.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON III.

Q.—Some people who use tobacco live to be quite old; how do you account for that?

A.—They would most likely have lived longer, and have been healthier and stronger without it.

Q.—But suppose they live longer than some others who do not use tobacco?

A.—They may have been stronger to begin with.

Q.—Are not all people equally strong naturally ?

A.—Half of all the children in this country are so weak naturally that they die before they are five years old, and many others are afflicted with nervous diseases.

Q.—Has tobacco anything to do with this?

A.—We have reason to believe that it is largely due to the use of tobacco and alcoholic liquors.

Q.—Tobacco does not make some people sick at first, is it poison to them?

A.—Such people have probably inherited a taste for it, and are poisoned to begin with; so, if they use it they are doubly poisoned.

Q.—Does it ever affect the mind?

A.—It makes men more or less dull and stupid, and it has been known to make them idiots and lunatics.

Running Wild.

(By Elizabeth E. Robb.)

A locomotive engine stood upon the railway track, with every part of its giant frame prepared for work. How like a thing of life it seemed, with its nerves and sinews of quivering steel ready to vibrate in response to the touch of a master hand. Its fiery eye shot impatient glances down the track, as though it were restive under the imposed constraint of waiting.

The engineer, whistling softly to himself, passed here and there to his work of inspection. Nothing escaped his vigilant eye; in all the movements of cranks and pins and piston working smoothly; the steam coming out in hot breaths from the mighty lungs was at the proper gauge, and everything in perfect order. As he buttoned his coat about him preparatory to mounting his seat, he remarked to the fireman, 'Jim, let's have a drink!'

Within a stone's throw of the track was a saloon with light, warmth, a row of shining bottles, which suggested 'something to keep the cold out,' and the music of a violin making it all the more inviting to men who were about to start on a cold and lonely journey.

The two men quickly crossed the track, opened the door of the saloon, and it closed behind them. But as it shut the back door opened, and another man went out — a poor, miserable, bloated old sot, whose blear eyes looked out from beneath a mass of tangled, uncombed gray hair. As with unsteady steps he shambled down the bank toward the railway track, and approached the engine, he saw that there was no one in the cab. He climbed up, put his shaking hand on the throttle, and pulled it wide open.

It was only a minute's work, only one pull, and the engine, like a frightened steed, dashed down the track and out of sight.

What a fearful thing it was when 'running wild!' This smooth, shining, beautiful creature, which but a moment before stood quietly waiting for its legitimate work, was now like a fiend unchained, as it spurned the track, with mad, noisy feet.

Shall I tell how the frightened onlookers gazed after the 'wild engine' in speechless horror? how strong men grew pale, and women wept and wrung their hands?

As it flew past a telegraph station, the operator, knowing that the express train would come thundering along in ten minutes, sent a hasty message over the wire to the conductor:

'Engine 36 running wild. Side-track.'

Down, down, down the grade, sped the messenger of destruction; faster and faster, on its errand of death! Like a meteor shot through space, leaving a shower of burning sparks in its path, on it sped, ever gaining fresh impetus as it rushed down the steep hillsides and across the peaceful valley. Hissing in demoniac glee, on, on, it flew!

A sharp snap as rod after rod gave way under the fierce strain of the rapid rotation of the driving wheels! A glimpse of a white haggard face in the cab — only a glimpse, and it was gone!

White-lipped men, holding their watches in their hands, whispered, 'Oh, God! Will they meet on the bridge?' Oh, for a telescopic view of the train in which were loved ones, all unconscious of danger, while the death angel flapped his wings so near!

And now, on the still evening air, clear and distinct, sounds the whistle of the doomed train. Scarce had its echoes ceased reverberating among the hills when the crash came.

The wild engine had done its work, and the turbid waters of the river opened their flood-gates and swallowed up a score of victims; while as many more, crushed and mangled and bleeding, moaned their lives away before another night came.

Who was to blame for this bloody sacrifice to the monster, Appetite; for the quick, frightful pangs of dissolution; for the slow and awful waiting for death that lingered; for the agony of hearts that broke in homes made ready for joyful meetings?

First of all, you who permit death to be dealt out over thousands of counters; you whose voice has authority to command the traffic to cease in a day; you who have knelt before the god of Wealth, till its yellow glitter has blinded you to the beseeching eyes that implore you to speak the word that will not only cut short your earthly revenues, but, as an offset, would reduce expenditures for crime and disaster.

If you knew that you, or those dearer to you than yourself, were to-morrow to be ground down by the 'wild engine,' the fearful force of an unbridled strength, would you hesitate to use your power to protect yourself? And it may be you will quiver beneath the wheels.—'Ram's Horn.'

As Medicine Only.

Mr. J. A. Froude tells the following story: 'A missionary and a chief, whose name I think was Tekoi were intimate friends. The chief had great virture; he was brave, he was true, he was honest, but he could not resist rum. Many times the missionary found him drunk, and at last said to him, 'Tekoi, good man, I love you much—don't drink fire-water. If you do, Tekoi, you will lose your property, you will lose your character, you will lose your health, and in the end your life. Nay, Tekoi, worse than that, you will lose your immortal soul.' Tekoi listened with stony features. He went away. Days passed, and weeks and months, and the missionary saw no more of him. It seemed, however, that he was not far off, and was biding his time. About a year after, one stormy night the missionary, who had been out upon his round, came home drenched and shivering. The fire burnt bright, the room was warm, the missionary put on dry clothes, had his supper, and felt comfortable. He bethought himself that if he was to make sure of escaping cold a hot glass of whisky before he went to bed would be expedient. His Maori servant brought in the kettle. The missionary for the sake of his health justified himself. The fragrant remedy was compounded and just at his lips when the door opened, a tattooed face looked in, a body followed, and there stood Tekoi. 'Little father,' he said, 'do not drink fire-water. If you drink fire-water, little father, you will lose your property, you will lose your character, you will lose your health, perhaps you will lose your life. Nay, little father, you will lose—but that shall not be. Your immortal soul is more precious than mine. The drink will hurt me less than it will hurt you. To save your soul I will drink it myself.'—'British Workman.'

The Four Students.

The following incident is from the pen of Rev. S. E. Young, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Newark, New Jersey:

In 1889 four fellow-students of mine used to spice their meals at their restaurants and enliven the late evening with a little Rhenish wine or other mild intoxicant. They were studying for the ministry. After three years I saw one of them in Ney York, about as low down in the scale as a man can get. A year later a second of the four, whose father all the Christian world knows, died from the effects of a drunken debauch, leaving an inconsolable family. I have just returned from a visit to the third in an insane asylum. He was the brightest and winsomest of the group, of exquisitely delicate mould, yet immensely capable every way. He drank to excess; then read in Conan Doyle's book how the detective injected cocaine and in a gloomy mood tried the experiment. For more than a year, excepting the brief hours when he escaped and drugged himself again, he had been incarcerated in a ward with the demented. His broken-hearted mother and the sweet favorite sister, who doted on her brother, still hope he may once more be himself, or to some degree his fine former self, but nobody else does. The other member of the four saw the handwriting on the wall and slowed up. All this—I have given the bare epitome—in seven, I might say less than six years.

There is danger in association. Sophronius had a fair daughter named Eulalia, and she asked him one day for permission to visit the gay Lucinda. 'I cannot allow it,' said the Greek father. 'Then you must think me exceedingly weak,' said the girl, indignantly. Sophronius picked up a dead coal from the hearth and handed it to his daughter; but she hesitated to accept it. 'Take it, my child, it will not burn you.' Eulalia obeyed and the milky whiteness of her hand was instantly gone, 'That comes of handling coals,' said the girl, looking with disgust at her blackened hand. 'Yes,' said Sophronius, solemnly, 'for they soil the flesh, even when they do not burn.' No one retains purity of heart who spends his time in the company of people who get intoxicated. He is defiled even if he does not sink to their level.

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON VI—August 8.

Working and Waiting For Christ.

—I. Thessalonians iv., 9; v., 2.

Read I. Thessalonians iv. and v. Commit verses 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also.'—John xiv., 3.

Home Readings.

M. I. Thess. iv., 1-18.—Working and Waiting for Christ.
T. I. Thess. v., 1-28.—'Let us Watch and be Sober.'
W. Isa. liv., 1-17.—Deliverance out of Affliction Promised.
Th. I. Pet. ii., 1-25.—Living for God's Glory.
F. Matt. xxiv., 29-51.—'Therefore be ye also Ready.'
S. II. Pet. iii., 1-18.—'The day of the Lord will come.'
S. John xiv., 1-31.—'I will come again, and receive you.'

Lesson Story.

Three weeks ago we had the story of Paul's visit to Thessalonica, last week we learned that the Thessalonians had sent a contribution to Paul by Silas and Timothy. This week our lesson is taken from the first of the two letters which Paul wrote back to the converts at Thessalonica. It will be well to read the two letters through at a sitting as we would letters addressed to ourselves. Notice how the letters begin with thankfulness and praise, and express the great loving care Paul has for all his converts. The many short verses in the fifth chapter are very easy to learn and profitable to study and meditate upon.

Paul reminds the Thessalonians of the necessity of having brotherly love toward each other, praising them for their well-doing in this respect and exhorting them to 'increase more and more.' He then advises them to make it their ambition to lead a quiet, orderly and industrious life, with all honesty. Concerning those who had fallen asleep in Christ, he explains that they must not sorrow hopelessly for them, as the heathen did for their dead, for as sure as God raised up Jesus from the dead so he will raise up all who die trusting in Jesus. We shall all meet again when Christ returns to reign on earth, 'For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.'

This glorious truth is to comfort us, when our loved ones leave this earth we know that we shall meet them again very soon. But at what time, we cannot tell, we know not beforehand when we may suddenly be called to meet our Lord in heaven, or when he shall suddenly descend and meet us and take us to be forever with himself.

Lesson Hymn.

It may be at morn, when the day is awaking,
When sunlight through darkness and shadow is breaking,
That Jesus will come in the fulness of glory,
To receive from the world 'His own.'

It may be at midday, it may be at twilight,
It may be, perchance, that the blackness of midnight
Will burst into light in the blaze of his glory,
When Jesus receives 'His own.'

Lesson Hints.

'Brotherly love'—The Christian Church is all one family, one God and Father over all. 'One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren'—this is the bond that unites us all. 'Taught of God'—by the Holy Spirit in our hearts. God is love, and his children must love each other. The brotherly love of the early Christians was proverbial among the heathen who had never heard of such affection.'

'Increase more and more'—the nearer one comes to perfection the more one sees the need of improvement and increase in every virtue. Love is the greatest of all virtues, fulfilling all the law. 'Study to be quiet'—literally, 'be ambitious to be quiet.' Every idle word and action will be judged, time is too precious to be wasted. 'Do your own business'—few people attend to their own business so well that they can afford to meddle with that of other people. 'Work with your own hands'—as Paul had set them an example, yea, as our Lord has set the example. Work is honorable, and every one owes the world a certain amount of work. 'Honestly'—honesty is the only policy for Christians. There is no room for crooked ways in the narrow path.

'Asleep'—this expression was constantly used among the early Christians, expressing so well the surety of the resurrection. The heathen had no hope of ever again seeing their dead and sorrowed accordingly. 'Jesus died and rose again'—on this point hangs our faith. 'By the word of the Lord'—this was no splendid flight of imagination on the part of Paul, he knew whereof he spoke. The Lord himself had revealed it to him. 'Prevent'—come before, or precede. 'We which are alive'—not necessarily those Christians, but the Christians who are alive at the time. 'So shall we ever be with the Lord'—this is all of heaven's rapturous bliss, being with our loving Saviour, realizing the full extent of his love.

'Comfort'—we cannot sorrow long with this wonderfully precious hope in view. 'As a thief in the night'—suddenly, unexpectedly, without a word of warning. 'Therefore be ye also ready.'

Search Questions.

Give six passages concerning our Lord's coming.

Primary Lesson.

Do you remember the first lesson we had this year? On the first Sunday in January we learned about the Ascension, Christ ascended into heaven forty days after he rose from the dead. Before he left his disciples he promised them many times that he would return to the earth again and take them to be with himself (read the fourteenth chapter of John). Just after our Lord ascended, as the disciples stood gazing up into the clouds through which he had passed, two angels appeared to them renewing the promise that Jesus would come again from heaven, in the same way he had gone. We cannot know the day nor the hour that Jesus will come again, but we know that he will come, and perhaps quite soon. We do not know just what will happen after our Lord and king comes, but we know that his coming will set everything right. When Jesus comes every one will be happy, there will be no more sorrow nor sickness, nor sadness nor dying. The things that are crooked now will all be set straight then. We will all be good and useful, happy and loving when Jesus comes again. As we have learned, he may come at any time, and it will be very unexpected to us; you would not like to be doing anything that was not just right when he comes, would you? Then we must live every day as though we expected him at any moment, doing the things that he would be glad to find us at.

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'Rejoice! Rejoice! our King is coming!' 'Forever with the Lord,' 'Till He come,' 'Are you ready for the Bridegroom?' 'Lo! He comes,' 'When Jesus comes to reward,' 'It may be at morn.'

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Aug. 8.—The comfort that comes from the bible.—Isa. xii., 1-6.—(A promise meeting.)

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Aug 8.—Bits of comfort from the bible.—Isa. xii., 1-6. (A promise meeting.)

The Teacher's Preparation.

'Living Epistle.'

The teacher's preparation should be continuous. As soon as one lesson is disposed of, another should be taken up. It is a very poor plan to leave the lesson till the last of the week, or perhaps till Sunday morning, and then glance hurriedly over it, and come to the class with no better preparation than that. A better way is to begin on Sunday afternoon or evening the preparation of the lesson for the following Sunday. It can then be meditated on during the week and ideas formed as to what is to be drawn from the lesson, and a plan formed for teaching it. The teacher will then be able to comment on the lesson and on the answers given to questions. Questions may be answered correctly, and but very little information gained, and little if any impression made on the mind of the scholar, when a few words of comment by the teacher would give the scholar a more definite idea of what is designed to be taught. The teacher should be so familiar with the lesson as to be capable of asking questions original with himself, and not confine himself to questions published in Sunday-school literature, which form a very good ground-work but do not always bring out all there is in the lesson. He should endeavor to keep in advance of his scholars. Without much study and prayerful preparation, a teacher will sometimes find it difficult to teach his most intelligent and studious scholars. It has been said by scholars, and with good reason: 'It is of no use for me to go to Sunday-school; I know more about the lesson than my teacher does.'

The most important part of the teacher's preparation is prayer. Above all things, he should ask God's blessing upon his studies and labors, and this with strong supplication and tears. Christ said to his disciples; 'Without me ye can do nothing.'

Lesson Preparation.

(Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.)

There may be some who think they will convert the world by philosophy, or that they can renew the heart by eloquence, or that they have some witchcraft of ceremonies by which they can regenerate the soul; but we depend wholly and simply and alone upon the Spirit of God. He alone worketh all our works in us; and in going forth upon our holy service we take with us no strength, and we rely upon no power except that of the Spirit of the Most High. We feel that we need this to prepare us for our work. I suppose you all do prepare. There is not a teacher here who goes to his or her class on the Sabbath Day without preparing the lesson. A minister once said, 'Sir, I go into the pulpit and preach and think nothing of it,' and the one to whom he made that remark said, 'And that is just what your people think of it.' If you can go to your class and teach as easily as possible without any preparation, depend upon it, as you think nothing of it, your children will think nothing of it. A great deal depends upon how the lesson has been worked into your soul. But it is not preparation by way of studying a lesson that I speak of just now. You want the light of the Spirit to shine within you, and to get into fellowship with the Father and the Son, and then you will be able to teach. Attach great importance to the literary preparation, but infinitely more to the spiritual preparation. When the heart is right the head will get right. When your soul is in communion with God himself you will soon get into communion with God's work. Be charged with the Holy Ghost. Receive to the full the Divine influence, and then go to your class fully prepared. There is no preparation for the work of God like being with God. Go up into the mount with Christ, and then when he calls you, you will be fit to go forth for him, and tell what you have seen with him in the Holy Mount.

Since the Spirit of God is not straitened, we must not straiten our labors. We must pray. Let us not straiten our prayers. Oh! let us pray more. Brothers, will you pray for your children, one by one? Sisters, do you pray always—before class, in class, and after class? Do you pray with each one alone? Praying with each child is a wonderful means of grace. Many young hearts feel private prayer with the teacher's arm about their necks more than anything else. Be much in prayer, since the Spirit of God is not straitened, and can work mightily. Be also much in effort. I cannot withhold the observation that although the work of salvation is all of God, he does bless effort.—C. H. Spurgeon.

HOUSEHOLD.

Love in the Home.

No amount of good religious teaching will ever make up for the lack of affectionateness in parents toward children. A gentleman said the other day, 'My mother was a good woman. She insisted on her boys going to church and Sunday-school, and taught us to pray. But I do not remember that she ever kissed me.' She was a woman of lofty principle, but cold, undemonstrative, repressed, wanting in tenderness.

It matters not how much bible-reading and prayer and catechism-saying and godly teaching there may be done in a home, if gentleness is lacking, that is lacking which most of all the young need in the life of their home. A child must have love. Love is to its life what sunshine is to plants and flowers. No young life can ever grow to its best in a home without gentleness.

Yet there are parents who forget this, or fail to realize its importance. There are homes where the sceptre is iron, where affection is repressed, where a child is never kissed after baby days are past. A woman of genius said that until she was eighteen she could not tell time by the clock. When she was twelve her father had tried to teach her how to know the hour; but she had failed to understand him, and feared to let him know she had not understood. Yet she said he had never in his life spoken to her a harsh word. On the other hand, however, he had never spoken an endearing word to her; and this marble-like coldness had frozen her. After his death she wrote of him, 'His heart was pure—but terrible. I think there was no other like it on the earth.'

I have a letter from a young girl of eighteen in another city—a stranger, of whose family I have no personal knowledge. The child writes to me, not to complain, but asking counsel as to her own duty. Hers is a home where love finds no adequate expression in affectionateness. Both her parents are professing Christians, but evidently they have trained themselves to repress whatever tenderness there may be in their nature. This young girl is hungry for home-love, and writes to ask if there is any way in which she can reach her parents' hearts to find the treasures of love which she believes are locked away there. 'I know they love me,' she writes; 'they would give their lives for me. But my heart is breaking for expressions of that love.' She is starving for love's daily food.

It is to be feared that there are too many such homes—Christian homes, with prayer and godly teaching, and with pure, consistent living, but with no daily bread of lovingness for hungry hearts.

'The lonely heart that knows not love's
Soft power, or friendship's ties,
Is like yon withering flower that bows
Its gentle head touched to the quick
For that genial sun hath hid its light,
And, sighing, dies.'

—Dr. Miller.

What is Good Housekeeping?

At a recent afternoon tea, where there were a goodly number of intelligent men and women assembled, the conversation turned upon good housekeeping, and one of the guests was asked to define the term.

After a moment's hesitation, he answered: 'Good housekeeping is that sort which embodies order, neatness, promptness and an average amount of good temper. Allowing that the members of the human family are by no means angelic, one must not look for too much, and it is therefore a part of the philosophy of life to avoid great expectations.'

'Good housekeeping,' said another member of the party, 'is to have a clean house, wholesome food at regular meal hours and that restfulness that is never found where the presiding genius of the establishment is fussy, irritable, worrisome, and given to fretting about trifles.'

'Keeping a house in order,' remarked a veteran, 'is not so difficult if one only adopts a systematic course and sticks to it.'

'But, my dear,' said a venerable mother in Israel, 'have you ever kept house on a system and lived up to it? I have been trying it for three-score years, for I began early, and I assure you that there is no fixed law about housekeeping except the law of uncertainty. I have many a time planned my work for the day, and when everything was arranged and I saw clear sailing ahead of me, word would come up that the preserves were working, or the bread had turned sour, or Dick had dropped the egg basket and there wasn't a thing in the house to make cake with, or the range wouldn't work, and nobody could tell why, or any one of the thousand and one things that beset every housekeeper who tries to do things clear up to her lights on all these subjects.

'The best definition of good housekeeping that I ever heard, was given by a little slip of a boy who, after listening for a long time to a very learned discussion from some of his mother's club associations on the best way to order a home, was asked: "Well, my little man, what kind of a home do you think is best?" A beautiful light came into the child's eyes. He tossed back his yellow hair and shook his head: "I don't know much about it. Just the only kind that I like is the home that it's nice to go to." And when all of the philosophy, theory, science and wisdom of the subject had been exhausted, the women there assembled had to agree that the very best home, after all, was the home that—it was nice to go to.'—'N. Y. Ledger.'

A Child's Heart.

That was a pathetic story told in the newspapers the other day of a little girl who ran home in great glee to tell her mother that she had passed her examination and had received a certificate, and was shortly afterwards found dead. The medical enquiry showed that the poor child had been so excited with the examination and its results that her heart had stopped. What a light this lets in upon that hard-worked and excitable organ—a child's heart! We have no wish to sentimentalise in this matter, but perhaps only medical men and careful observers of children know how much damage is worked by violent exclamations and fierce words to sensitive children. Unfortunately these are often evoked by accidents which the little offender could not really help, and the excitement caused by grief over the slip, fear of the parent's anger, and a sense of being misunderstood, induces a condition of the heart which, if not attended by immediate serious results, is none the less operating mischievously against the child's health.—'The Christian.'

A Dress For School Girls.

More than one hundred of the six hundred young women who attend the Iowa State Normal School wear a school suit. The common sense and good judgment which they have shown in this matter ought to disarm criticism and set an example in other places.

A change of dress was necessary for the better health of the girls. Could they find a costume that would be at once healthful, inconspicuous and becoming? Would the teachers approve of its adoption? Would enough girls take hold of the movement to make it a success?

These questions have been answered, and the first day of the winter term, appropriately beginning with Thanksgiving in their hearts, over one hundred of the young women of the Iowa State Normal School appeared in what has been adopted as the 'school suit.' This consists of a skirt six inches from the floor, jacket to wear over shirt or fancy waists, leggings for protection in cold or stormy weather, and a plain hat or cap to match.

It is not expected that all will wear the same material or color, though dark blue storm serge or cheviot is recommended as most serviceable and appropriate. Individuality may be emphasized in waists, collars and ties, while uniformity of style will prove an advantage. Rational underclothing is insisted upon; extremities are to be warmly dressed, heavy skirts abolished, and the weight of the clothing to be evenly distributed.—'Journal of Hygiene.'

Marjorie's Corner.

MILK SOUP.

'What is the matter, Norah; you look worried?' said Marjorie, coming into the kitchen late one afternoon.

'Indeed, Miss Marjorie, and I don't look half so worried as I am, dear, O dear, O dear,' and Norah shook her head sadly.

'Can I help you, Norah? Do you want me to make anything for you?'

'I'm afraid it's no help you can be to me, to-night. You see it's this way, Miss Marjorie. Two ladies has come to see your ma, and they're both going to stay to dinner, and not a bit of soup did I make to-day, whatever shall I do. It's disgraced I'll be to serve a dinner for company without soup.'

'But I thought you always kept soup in cans for just such cases,' said Marjorie.

'I used the last one to-day, and the grocer ain't sent the new case yet.'

'Well, Norah, you made a mistake when you said I couldn't help you, because I can. If you give me a quart of milk and an egg, I can make a delicious soup in ten minutes.

'Bless your heart, but you're a jewel, I don't know what kind of soup you'll be after making with one egg and some milk, but I'll trust you,' and while she was speaking, Norah had laid a pitcher of milk and the egg on the table.

'Of course, I'll use some other things,' said Marjorie, 'like butter and flour, but that's all.'

The first thing Marjorie did was to pour the milk into a clean, granite saucepan which she put on the stove, adding two cupfuls of water and a tablespoonful of butter.

While these were boiling together, she beat up an egg and stirred it into a cupful of flour.

'I must wash my hands, Norah, because I've got to rub the egg and the flour between them until it is all in little lumps.'

When this was done to her satisfaction, Marjorie scattered it slowly into the boiling milk, and let it all boil together for five minutes.

'Just as soon as I've seasoned it, Norah, it's ready,' said Marjorie, shaking in pepper and salt with a liberal hand. 'In making this soup,' she continued, as she took it from the fire—'and you can see how quickly and easily it's made—you must be very careful not to let it burn; grandma says milk soups scorch very easily. Now if you only had a little dried celery to put in it you couldn't tell it from cream of celery soup. I know, because I have had some made in that way.'—New York 'Observer.'

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